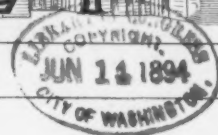


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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JOSEPH H. CHOATE,

PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.—DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 406.]
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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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ANOTHER "GREATER NEW YORK" NUMBER Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly.

In the recent "Greater New York" number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY we illustrated many of the conspicuous features of the coming metropolis, but, great and varied as the exhibit was, it was only partial. It is simply impossible to portray in a single issue, or in a volume of ordinary dimensions, the marvelous growth and available resources of the "Greater New York." It is now our purpose to

SUPPLEMENT THIS ISSUE WITH ANOTHER,

in which will be presented equally notable features of the commercial, industrial, and social life of the city, special reference being had to those great business and benevolent activities which give it commanding eminence. The illustrations will be executed in the highest style of art, and will be accompanied by exhaustive descriptive text. This number will shortly be

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS AND ON ALL TRAINS.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

The immense edition of the first "Greater New York" issue was completely exhausted two days after it was placed on sale. To those, therefore, who would avoid disappointment in obtaining the new number we would suggest the advisability of placing an order with their nearest newsdealer in advance. No patriotic American can in any better way demonstrate his country's progress to his friends and correspondents at home and abroad than by sending them these special issues illustrating America's great metropolis.

The Reign of Violence.



RE dynamite, bludgeons, and fire-arms to become the determining factors in the settlement of labor disputes in this country? Is violence to be substituted for orderly and equitable methods of adjusting controversies involving the highest public interests? These are questions which are coming to the front everywhere throughout the land. At no period of our history has the anarchical spirit been so aggressive and violent as it has shown itself to be within the past two or three months. The disorders in the coke regions of Pennsylvania, the murderous outrages in connection with the coal-miners' strike in Illinois, Colorado, Alabama, and elsewhere, the intimidation employed in other States to compel the acquiescence of capital in the demands of organized labor—all these are demonstrations of a temper and a purpose which, if not speedily suppressed and arrested, must result in incalculable disaster to the national industries, and bring into contempt the authority of law and the rights both of capital and labor.

Nobody nowadays disputes the right of labor to organize for self-protection. Few deny that in the pitiless competitions to which all industries are exposed it is sometimes placed at a disadvantage and subjected to actual injustice. But the right of organization confers no authority to deny, limit, or restrain the right of every individual workingman to make the most of his skill and his opportunities—to work at such wages and under such conditions as he may choose to accept. That is a sacred right which may be said to inhere in the very constitution of things. Nor does the right of organization carry with it a right to impose restraints upon capital, or interfere arbitrarily with the employing class, with a view of regulating their business methods, controlling production, or determining their profits. Such an assumption antagonizes common sense, and strikes at the very life of the mutual and reciprocal relation which is the basis and strength of the industrial structure. But it is precisely upon this assumption that nearly all our recent labor strikes have proceeded. The coal-miners who quit work some weeks ago seem to have had some justification for their course. At any rate, their demand for an advance of wages was one which they had a perfect right to make. But they

were not content to assert this right. They undertook to coerce the operators into compliance with their demands, first by preventing others from taking the places they had vacated, and next by seizing the output of the mines and stopping its transportation to market. In carrying out this policy of intimidation resort was had to riot and arson, making it necessary for the authorities to call out the militia for the preservation of the public peace. The law and its accredited representatives were arrogantly defied by combinations of armed men, the business of the country being meanwhile interrupted and many forms of production brought to a complete standstill, entailing enormous loss, not only upon employers but upon thousands of laborers who were compelled to suffer in idleness.

The interests and welfare of all are greater than the interests of a part. Every industry is entitled to the fullest protection; but no industry, and no class of workers, can be permitted, for any reason or on any pretense, to menace or cripple the business activities of sixty millions of people. The duty of the State in such an emergency is unmistakable. It must suppress organized resistance to law by the vigorous use of all the authority at its command, and bring to deserved punishment all who persist in defying its sovereignty. In so grave a matter as this, forbearance or easy-going complaisance on the part of government is a crime against the public. These disorders have attained their present serious magnitude just because previous outbreaks have not been in all cases summarily dealt with by those in authority. We must teach the men, of whatever class or pursuit, who substitute violence for orderly processes in the adjustment of real or imaginary grievances that, while they will be protected in all their rights under the law, they will not be permitted to invade the rights of others, and that every act of violence against the interests of individuals, classes or the community at large will be punished by all the penalties known to the statute.

Southern Development.



HE industrial development of the Southern States is a matter of national concern, and every movement which looks to practical and combined effort in that direction must command general attention and sympathy. In three or four States enormous progress has been made in this direction during the last ten or fifteen years, but in the South at large the results achieved have not been what they ought to have been. Three causes have, as we think, contributed to this failure—a want of capital, absence of healthy and desirable immigration, and especially a stubborn persistence on the part of the Southern people in worn-out ideas and methods. It is undeniable that they have signally failed, in many localities, to utilize intelligently available resources and opportunities. Capital is a most important stimulus and factor in all enterprise, but something more than capital is necessary to success in any sphere of industrial activity and development. Millions of money will not suffice, for instance, to make the city of Charleston the important commercial centre it is capable of becoming, unless backed by a spirit of self-help and confident and aggressive enterprise. So long as the people themselves remain apathetic and indifferent, neglecting to use such means as they have at command to recover the prestige they have lost, so long capital will seek other fields of investment, and they will lag behind other seaport cities in the race for commercial supremacy. The same truth applies with equal force to many other sections, and especially to the agricultural communities in nearly every State.

Governor Tillman, who with all his vagaries is as to some matters admittedly level-headed, expressed just this view concerning the development of the South in his address to the interstate immigration congress recently held at Augusta, Georgia. "It is well enough," he said, "to invite people and capital from the outside, and all that came would be welcome, but for every dollar of outside capital the Southern people must expend ten of their own if they were in earnest about desiring to build up the South. The future of this section depends," he continued, "on the efforts of its own people, and what Southern farmers need most is an immigration of ideas and intelligent agricultural methods. Southern farmers would never prosper as long as they spent six months in the year trying to kill the grass in their fields and the next six in buying hay from Maine and other Northern States." It will be well if along with the efforts to attract industrious and useful settlers, who will become active contributors to the general prosperity, the Southern people can be educated into a recognition and appreciation of the truth thus plainly stated by Governor Tillman.

It will be equally fortunate for that section and for the country if the counsel given by United States Senator Jarvis, in an address before the same immigration congress, shall find general acceptance and application. In

this address Senator Jarvis laid special stress upon the necessity of enforcing the laws and providing better educational facilities, and wisely deprecated all schemes for the colonization or deportation of the blacks as wild and visionary. "The negro could not go away if he would; and he should not if he could. He must be recognized as a fixture in the South, and the wisest plan to pursue is to educate him and make the best possible citizen of him. The elevation of the blacks must begin in their homes. They must be provided with better accommodations, with ample room to separate the sexes, and with good teachers in their schools. Better homes, better schools and churches, better teachers and preachers, and better laws would make the negroes intelligent and law-abiding citizens, and then capital and labor would not hesitate to come among them."

These are wise and timely words. It is a hopeful sign that the broad and catholic spirit which they express is becoming every day a more real force in the thought and life of the influential classes of the South.

A Case of "Inadvertence."

A CURIOUS case of "inadvertence" has been brought to light in the course of the Senate investigation into the charge that certain Senators had speculated in sugar while the sugar schedule of the pending tariff bill was being "arranged." The facts in the case are disclosed by the testimony of the victim of the "inadvertence," Senator McPherson, of New Jersey. This gentleman confessed that he had purchased one thousand shares of sugar certificates, but subsequently transferred them to his son. Later on he decided that it would be a good thing to have additional stock, and wrote a telegram to his broker directing him to purchase another block of five hundred shares. But, upon reflection, he concluded that it would be improper for him to invest in sugar while the subject was up for legislation, and accordingly the telegram was not dispatched. A servant, however, found it lying on a table, and on the following day forwarded it to the broker, who purchased the stock. A rhymester in the *Sun* states the case in another way:

"They laid the telegram on the shelf
Until it got tired and sent itself."

This, however, is only an effort of the imagination, and cannot be entertained as against the sworn statement of the Senator. That gentleman, of course, on discovering the fact in the case, was greatly shocked. The idea that he should involuntarily buy a stock which he could not properly hold stirred his sensitive soul to its lowest depths. He sold the stock at once, but in spite of himself netted a profit of fifteen hundred dollars by the transaction.

This, certainly, is a case of peculiar hardship. There are some, we observe, who are disposed to condemn the unfortunate Senator as guilty of some monstrous impropriety. This seems to us to be altogether uncharitable. If there ever was a case which calls for sympathy rather than censure, it is this. Everybody who is familiar with the career of the distinguished New Jersey Senator knows that he is an exceptionally clear-headed man of business, and conducts his affairs with strict regard to sound business canons. He is cautious, conservative, and deliberate. He knows what he is about. He makes no slips or mistakes. And yet, here he is, by his own confession, a victim of a malignant inadvertence, compelled by an accident to add fifteen hundred dollars to his account in bank! Could anything more strikingly illustrate the cruel chances of this poor life of ours? We pity the man who can contemplate, with a sneer upon his lips, a fate so pitiable.

Interior Water-ways.



THIS is an age of artificial water-ways. There are at least ten ship-canal now planned, or in process of construction, in North America alone. The most important of all in some respects is the proposed connection of the waters of the Delaware River and of Raritan Bay, by a broad and deep ship channel. While this project may seem, at first sight, of merely local interest, a more careful study will prove it to be as far-reaching as any other national enterprise undertaken in recent years.

This Delaware and Raritan ship-canal is imperatively demanded by the more than phenomenal growth of the territory adjacent and tributary to it. The traffic from these feeding territories is taxing the present railroad, facilities to the utmost. This condition must be relieved or the life of commerce will decay, or fall something short of what should be its normal state of healthful activity. Transportation facilities must be brought into the most intimate and convenient relations with the people. The heart blood of cities is commerce.

Alfred Gallatin advocated this scheme in 1807. It received fresh attention from Calhoun in the years 1837 to 1842. General Grant, in his second message, strongly advised its accomplishment. General Beaver, lately

Governor of Pennsylvania, recommended the proposed canal in one of his messages to the State Legislature.

A bill appropriating twenty-five thousand dollars for the survey of this canal from the Raritan Bay to the Delaware River recently passed the United States Senate, and has been favorably reported by the Committee on Canals of the national House of Representatives. A committee of prominent citizens of Philadelphia, appointed at a meeting convened by the mayor, has asked a municipal appropriation for preliminary work, and the board of trade of Trenton, New Jersey, has pledged the co-operation of the business men of that city.

The proposition is to make a water-way twenty feet deep and one hundred and sixty feet wide at the surface and ninety feet wide at the bottom. The total length will be forty-four miles. Leaving the Raritan River at a point about eight miles below New Brunswick, and entering the Delaware at Bordentown, the highest elevation encountered will be seventy-six feet. To overcome this elevation two tidal locks, one at each end, and two locks at each side, having a lift of twenty-five feet each, will be needed. The balance of the work is comparatively easy. The estimated cost, including the locks, but not the right of way, will be \$12,500,000. The country through which the canal will pass is mostly marshy swamp land, with little or no value, but just such land as the canal would drain, and so reclaim and make of great value.

There is a canal now in successful operation between Delaware Bay and Chesapeake Bay, ten feet deep and forty-two feet wide at the surface. The length is thirteen and five-eighths miles. An expenditure of \$2,350,000 would cover the expense of widening this canal to one hundred and sixty feet at the surface, and deepening it to twenty-seven feet.

These two canals, when completed and enlarged, would change a sea voyage of five hundred miles between New York and Baltimore to an interior passage of some two hundred miles. The commerce of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore would be incalculably benefited.

There is already a nine-foot navigable channel connecting the waters of the Chesapeake Bay with those of Albemarle and Pamlico sounds. From Morehead City, North Carolina, some work would be required to open up the inlets and thoroughfares to the Cape Fear River, and thence by a series of streams, bays, and sheltered passes, some of which are already connected by canals, access may be had to Charleston, South Carolina. The distance from Morehead City to Cape Fear River is ninety-seven and one-half miles, and thence by inside route one hundred and forty miles to Charleston. Considerable deepening and enlargement of the water-ways would be required between Cape Fear River and Charleston.

There has always been a good inside route from Charleston to Fernandina, Florida. From here the route would cross the peninsula of Florida by one of the several routes already surveyed to the lagoons of the gulf—from where there is already an inside route to Mobile and New Orleans, and so connecting with the Mississippi. The opening of this inside route would drain, make habitable, and fill with farms, factories and villages, what is now a *terra incognita*.

We often hear of the dangers of our domestic commerce in case of war. With this interior water-way open, our ports could be closed to an enemy's fleet by torpedoes and other submarine obstructions, and a complete interior line of ship-way still remain open throughout almost the entire length of our Atlantic coast.

A Touch of Nature.



THE other day a two-and-a-half years old baby boy disappeared from an old-time farm-house on Long Island. The parents, distracted, summoned neighbors and friends and at once set out in eager quest of the wanderer. For two miles or more he was traced by tiny foot-prints in the soft earth of the highway. Then the trail was lost. Bunches of daisies, plucked and thrown away, showed where the child had paused at intervals to play or rest. Night coming on, the search was abandoned for the time, but all through the night sentinels stood along the road that any feeble cry of the little one might be heard. With the morning dawn the hunt was renewed, hundreds of farmers and others scouring the woods and fields. Even the women joined the searchers, one mother carrying her own baby in her arms as she tramped back and forth with the rest. A violent storm set in late in the afternoon, and continued during the greater part of the night; it grew intensely cold, but the search went steadily on. All the following day and the next night the woods were thrashed and beaten by eager feet. But, with the following dawn, many of the searchers became disheartened and fell out of the ranks. Some, however, persisted, and at last, at the end of eighty hours, the missing one was found, lying on a bed of leaves, motionless as if dead. His clothing was soaked with rain, and one little hand was

raised as if to wipe away a tear from the pallid face. But life was not yet extinct. Carried swiftly to his home and tenderly cared for, the child slowly revived, and the desolate home was filled with joy over the lamb that had been lost and was found again.

The world is filled with the jargon of voices which prate of the selfishness and depravity of human nature; the voices of cynics and pessimists who find nothing of beauty or purity or kindness anywhere among men. How utterly such an incident as this we have recorded disproves this miserable and cheerless fallacy. The foulest soul has in it something of the Divine. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The anguish of the Long Island mother, bereft of her babe, touched every heart. Men, women, children, all responded eagerly and with tenderest sympathy to the appeal for help. Self was all forgotten in the presence of her sore need. And as all alike shared her grief, so all had part in her joy when the lost one was restored to her arms. Thus the world rejoices always when one beaten by the storms of life, and long time astray, finds his way back to the anchorage of safety and duty. The dismal voices may preach as they will the gospel of despair; the evil forces are not the dominant forces, and the world is not a desert; it has a thousand sweet and healthful fountains which never run dry. There is much of sin and wretchedness in it, and there are sad souls everywhere, and many vicious and depraved. But in the lives of the worst of men there are wells of Elin, clear and pure; oases, fresh and green, lying under sheltering palm-trees.

The Samoan Question.



JAMES H. MULLIGAN.

In view of the agitation concerning the attitude of this government toward Samoa, and the reports that it proposes to withdraw from the existing tripartite control, the appointment of Mr. James H. Mulligan, of Kentucky, as consul-general has a special interest. Mr. Mulligan is widely known throughout Kentucky as a man of ability and high character. He is about fifty years of age, a lawyer, and has occupied many positions of trust and responsibility, having served one term as State Senator and for several years as a member of the lower house of the Legislature. His friends regard him as peculiarly equipped for the duties of the office he is now about to assume. The character of his instructions is not known, but it is not believed in well-informed circles that the government is prepared to withdraw absolutely from the existing treaty arrangement and hand over the islands to exclusive foreign control. There may, however, be modifications of this agreement with a view of securing a form of administration more acceptable to the islanders, while at the same time assuring proper protection to American interests.

WHAT'S GOING ON

MR. GORMAN and his associate tariff tinkers of the Senate are evidently keeping their eyes open to the importance of campaign subscription to the Democratic fund in the next election. The concessions made by them to the sugar trust in the compromise tariff bill will, it is said, put forty million dollars clear profit into the pockets of the trust monopolists, and it is of course expected, if not understood, that this act of grace will be properly recognized when the time comes. Mr. Hale was entirely right when he said that the bill is an out-and-out bargain and sale affair.

THE disfigurement of natural scenery for advertising purposes is not confined to this country. Recently in the British House of Commons, Lord Rosebery called attention to the extent to which the same practice has obtained in that country, and expressed himself strongly in condemnation of it. His views are precisely those recently expressed by LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and emphasized by an illustration strikingly depicting the enormities of these offenses against decency and good taste. It ought to be made a criminal offense for any man to deface nature's scenic beauties in this vulgar fashion.

THE Populists of Arkansas propose to give a practical illustration of their abhorrence of the railway cormorants. Instead of going to their State convention by railroad, delegates have been instructed by the State committee to make their way thither on foot, or on horseback and in wagons, just as the Coxeyites made their way to the national capital. The spectacle of some hundred of these preposterous folk trudging up to Little Rock along the highways of the State will certainly be picturesque, but it will afford an object-lesson in consistency, and that may

compensate for all the discomforts which the pilgrimage will involve. Nevertheless, the revenge thus taken upon the railroads will not differ essentially from that which a man takes when he bites off his own nose.

THE resolution unanimously adopted by the United States in reference to Hawaii expresses the undoubted sentiment of a great majority of our people. It affirms distinctly the right of the Hawaiians to establish their own form of government, and declares that the United States ought not in any way to interfere therewith, and that any foreign intervention in the affairs of the islands will be regarded as an act unfriendly to the government of this country. This virtual condemnation of Mr. Cleveland's attempt to restore the queen who has been repudiated by the people has been long delayed, but it does not come too late to serve a useful purpose. It will show the people of the islands that there is no basis whatever for the promises of the monarchist conspirators that the United States would yet interfere to prevent the establishment of the republic, and we may expect that as a result of this discovery, the opposition to the provisional government will soon become so inconsiderable as to be unworthy of respect.

A TEN-YEARS-OLD Illinois girl, walking one day last summer on a railway track near her home, discovered that a trestle across a deep ravine was on fire. She instantly remembered that an express train was about due, and with great presence of mind tore off her red-flannel petticoat, ran down the track until she came in sight of the approaching train, and, waving her skirt as a danger-signal, stopped the train and averted a great disaster. Among the passengers on the train were a number of French visitors to the World's Fair. They at once brought the incident to the attention of the French commissioner, who in turn reported it to President Carnot, and that official has now forwarded to the little maiden the insignia of the Legion of Honor, which is given only in recognition of acts of heroism. We can well imagine the surprise which the bestowal of this honor must have occasioned to the recipient. She deserved it, but not all deserving acts are appreciated and honored as they should be. It would be interesting, in this connection, to know in what way this particular act was recognized by the railway company whose train was saved.

THE great American colleges for women are rapidly falling into line in the matter of placing women at the helm. Barnard College, New York City, has called Mrs. James Smith to the presidency. Miss Cary Thomas has been invited to fill the same position at Bryn Mawr. Mrs. Palmer is already the head of Wellesley College, and the trustees of the Harvard Annex, or Radcliffe College, at Cambridge, have just appointed Miss Agnes Irwin, of Philadelphia, as dean. Miss Irwin is the head of the most widely-patronized ladies' private school in Philadelphia. She is a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, and a niece of Mrs. Gillespie, of Centennial and Industrial Art Museum fame. Among those who were prominent in urging Miss Irwin's appointment were President Eliot, of Harvard, and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Mrs. Charles Homans, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mr. Martin Brimmer, and Mrs. Henry Whitman, of Boston. Radcliffe College, chartered last winter, bears the same relation to Harvard that Barnard does to Columbia. It is under the control of those interested in Harvard; is endowed in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars; has sixty instructors and one hundred and twenty pupils. All the Harvard post-graduate courses are open to its graduates.

Two proposed amendments to the constitution submitted to the convention in session at Albany are obviously in the public interest. These amendments are designed to secure a more careful consideration of bills presented to the Legislature, and to put a stop to the haphazard methods of disposing of matters of public concern. One of the amendments provides that no bill shall be passed until it has been at least one calendar day on the desks of members, unless the Governor shall certify its instant passage to be necessary and a majority of the whole number of members shall assent to its consideration, and no amendment shall be allowed upon the final reading of the measure. Another amendment provides that no private or local bill shall be passed or become a law except by the assent of three-fourths of all the members of both houses, unless its full text or an intelligible abstract has been published at least three times in the localities affected by it during the three months immediately preceding the meeting of the Legislature. A good deal of vicious legislation would be prevented if these inhibitions could be established in the organic law. Pretty nearly all the questionable acts—acts with "money in them," acts conferring franchises of immense value for private benefit, "steals" of every kind and sort—which have in recent years found their way upon the statute-book were rushed through under whip and spur of the lobby because of the absence of the obviously proper provisions embodied in these proposed amendments. Every friend of cleanly legislation would welcome an opportunity to vote for their adoption.

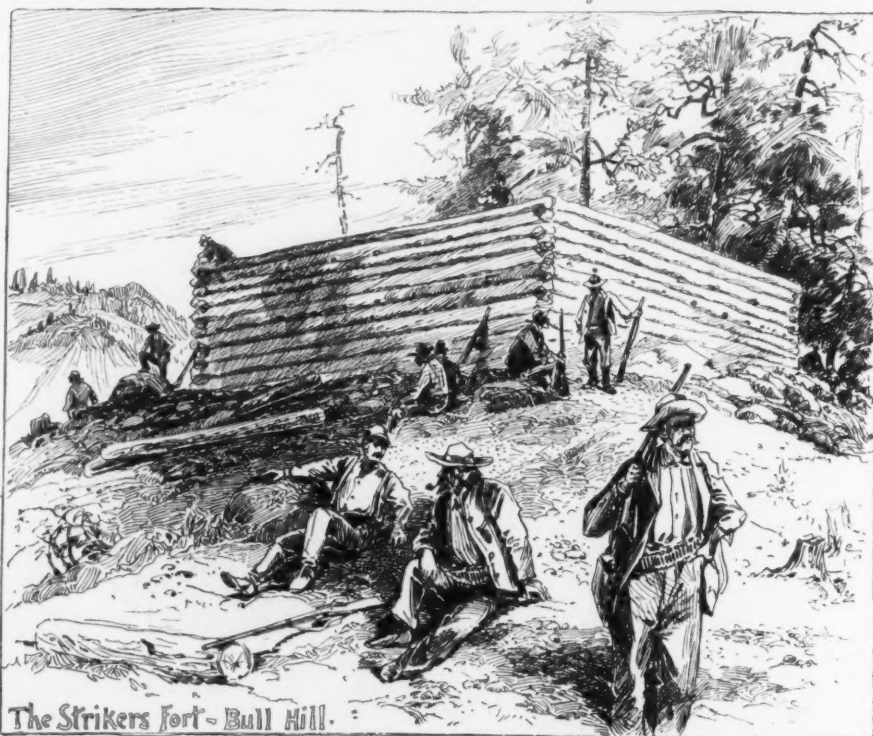
The Strike at Cripple Creek.

For months past trouble has been brewing at Colorado's gold camp, Cripple Creek, over the question of hours and pay, a controversy between the miners' union and the mine-owners. One by one the producing properties shut down to await final settlement, but attempted arbitration gave way to sullen silence and a refusal to work on the part of the miners. This dates back to February 1st, when half a dozen of the leading mines of the district were closed because the miners refused to accept the rate of wages which the owners believed they were able to pay. The situation remained thus for a month, when an effort was made to compromise. The mine-owners came half way by offering \$2.75 for seven hours and forty minutes, but this was refused by the miners even after their leaders had stated that they would accept it. They wanted more, and so for four months they have been unwilling to allow the mines to be opened, or to allow anybody to work except themselves. During this time there have been murderous outrages; innocent men, looking for work, have been set upon and beaten nearly to death. Some slight attempts to reopen the mines met with such decided resistance that the mine-owners, until May 24th, were not able to make any attempt to work their properties. As time went on, the bolder of the union men began to dictate to those miners who were working under private contracts, and to brutally treat all "tenderfeet" who came into the camp seeking employment; shooting, personal assaults, and threats of hanging became the order of the day. Encouraged by the sympathy of an "accident governor," they called a general council of war at the suburban town of Altman and laid out their campaign. The crisis came May 24th, when one miner was killed and two others who were willing to work were outrageously beaten by some of the union men. Then the mine-owners were thoroughly aroused to the importance of immediate action. They determined to open their properties at all hazards. Accordingly three hundred deputies were sworn in at Denver by the sheriff of El Paso County, and armed with Winchesters and revolvers. On the night of the 24th they left for the scene of action. In their efforts to reopen the mines the owners were backed by the county. At a meeting of the board the commissioners appropriated the sum of ten thousand dollars to be expended in guarding the mines at Cripple Creek, with the promise that the owners themselves supply the remainder of the money needed. They based their appropriation on the belief that three hundred deputy

(Continued on page 405.)



The Pharmacist Mine and Town of Altman.



The Strikers Fort - Bull Hill.



Victor Mine

The Strikers Fort

Buena Vista Mine

Town of Altman

Cripple Creek - showing the Mines commanded by Strikers' Fort.

Pharmacist Mine

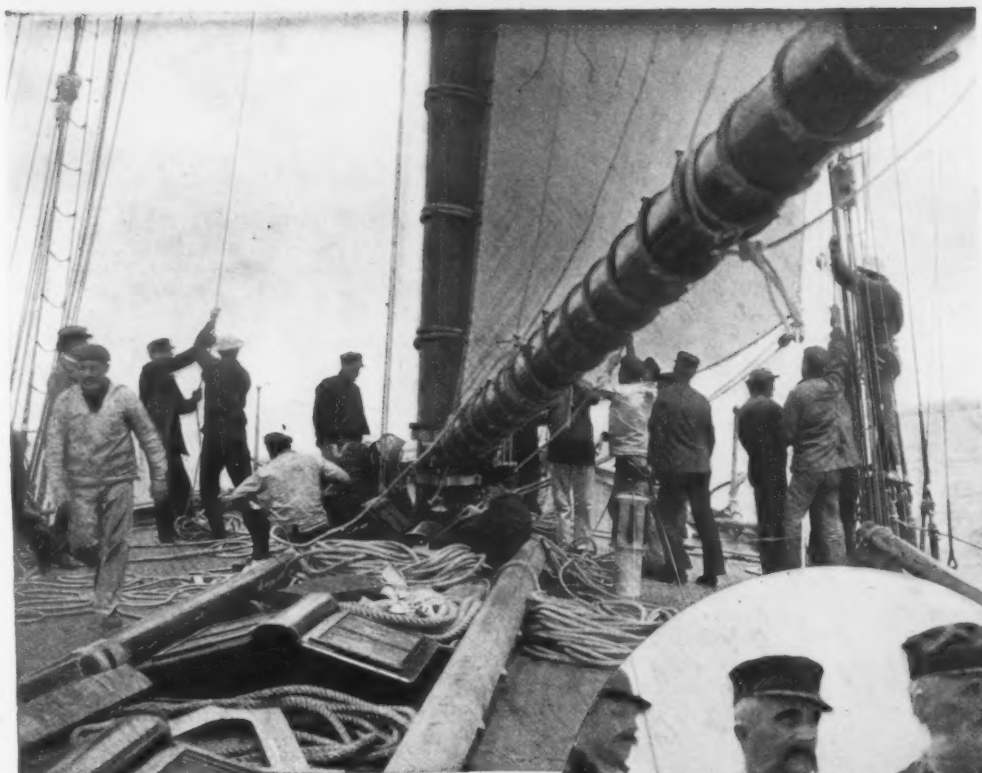


THE VICTOR BOARDING-HOUSE, HOME OF SOME OF THE STRIKERS.



THE VICTOR MINE, COMMANDED BY THE FORT OF THE STRIKERS FROM AN ELEVATION OF FIVE HUNDRED FEET.

THE MINERS' MURDEROUS OUTBREAK AT CRIPPLE CREEK, THE GOLD-MINING CAMP OF COLORADO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES E. EMERY AND DRAWINGS BY E. J. MEKKER.
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HOISTING SAIL ON THE "VIGILANT."
Copyrighted (1894) photograph by Bolles.



THE "VIGILANT" GOING DOWN THE BAY.



THE CREW OF THE "VIGILANT."



MR. GOULD, MR. MORRILL, AND CAPTAIN HANK HAFF SAY GOOD-BYE TO CAPTAIN JEFFREY.



THE "VIGILANT" IN TOW FROM THE ERIE BASIN ON HER WAY TO SEA.



MR. HOWARD GOULD AND CAPTAIN SHACKFORD OF THE
STEAM-YACHT "ATALANTA."

THE DEPARTURE OF THE "VIGILANT," AMERICA'S CHAMPION YACHT, FOR FOREIGN WATERS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMENT.—[SEE PAGE 405.]
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A MAJOR-GENERAL IN PETTICOATS.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

MRS. LYNNTON was riding rapidly home, thinking over the events of the afternoon, half vexed at herself that she had said so much, three-fourths triumphant that she had been able to send so telling a shot. She had been entirely justifiable, she told herself; that upstart Mrs. Newberry ought to have been put down long ago—only she was sorry it had fallen to her lot to do it.

There had been a little informal tea in Mrs. Le Normand's boudoir—a ceremony distinctly feminine, to which only women in the daintiest tea-gowns were admitted.

The ceremonies were nearly over, and several had declared they "really must go," when some one spoke of the last sensation, the frightful *mésalliance* of Freddy Benton with his little sister's governess. A nice enough girl, every one admitted, but not even reduced gentility, and what Freddy Benton could be thinking of—! Immediately all tongues were loosed.

"Oh, well, what do you expect of young men in these days?" exclaimed Mrs. Newberry, who was well known to be of mushroom growth, but moneyed, nevertheless, and therefore well gilded.

"I expect them to have respect for their families," replied Mrs. Lynnnton, drawing herself up severely.

"Oh, pshaw! that's all gammon," replied flippant Mrs. Newberry, irreverently. "Wait till your son marries a governess, and you'll think differently. Why, I fully expect my son to marry the gardener's daughter!"

And then had come the reply that had flown all over Gotham before the evening was out, and was discussed at the clubs with nearly as much interest as the latest cricket match. Drawing herself a shade higher, she had looked straight into the bold blue eyes of the flippant Mrs. Newberry and said, suavely:

"I do not doubt it in the least, my dear Mrs. Newberry; but my son *could* not do such a thing. He has always to remember that he is a Despard on one side and a Lynnnton on the other. Good-afternoon, ladies. Good-afternoon, Mimi dear," and she had swept quietly out of the room. The dead silence that followed her exit had proclaimed to her the effect of her words.

As she rode home she was reviewing the situation step by step, but whatever her reflections were, they were cut short by noting a crowd upon her own pavement as she drove to the door.

"It's an organ-grinder, ma'am," said the coachman at the door. "He have had a fit. I think, ma'am, if I might say it, we'd better go round the block till the crowd goes. 'Tain't no flitin' place for a lady, ma'am."

"Help me out at once, Benson; I'm ashamed of you! I wish to see the poor man."

In a moment she had decided his nationality. "Qu'avez vous, donc?" asked she, in a low, distinct tone. The glazed eyes opened and sought with pitiful eagerness the face that bent so kindly over him. One word issued from the stiffened lips:

"Française?"

"Non, mais. Benson, see that this man is taken to the little sewing-room at once," and she turned her back upon the gaping crowd and went into the house, only pausing for a brief moment to speak in a low tone to the organ-grinder.

When Mrs. Lynnnton looked into the Frenchman's face she saw more than a "fit"—she saw hunger and cold and destitution and *death*! She felt that the poor soul had not many hours to live, and her sudden, warm, womanly impulses had taken him up into the little sewing-room. The same impulse had led her, an hour or so later, to promise the poor man something which her better judgment would have led her to refuse had she thought for a moment. But then, there really seemed no time to think. And how often it happens that just at a most important crisis we are hurried on to a judgment, when we would give worlds for a few moments to weigh possible results.

"Oh, madame!" exclaimed the dying man, "I haf wiz me one leetle chil'. Madame is so good—good *comme un ange*! Oh, madame, take my—leetle girl! She will be—good—servant. She know much—she ees leetle, but she know—much. She can—what you—call it? *Coudre*? Sew. *Oui*—she can—to sew. She haf—been teach."

"Did her mother teach her?" asked Mrs.

Lynnnton, gently. "Has she no relatives in France?"

"No, madame. *Ma pauvre petite*—she all—alone. Her *maman* she dance ze ballet—she die qveek—some day—ze sky fall on her—in ze *théâtre*—an' she die—qveek—like ze *chandelier*. Oh, madame, say you vill keep—my leetle girl wiz you—to be your own—leetle servant."

And for a second time that day Mrs. Lynnnton had made a remarkable reply. She had promised the dying man that the daughter should have a home with her as long as she should need one.

Quickly as the horses flew to bring Suzette to her father's side the winged messenger of death was more swift, and when the grief-stricken daughter arrived it was only to find that her father's spirit had flown.

Philanthropic and kindly-hearted as she was, it is to be doubted if, even on the impulse of the moment, Mrs. Lynnnton would have accepted this charge had she seen the girl beforehand. But who was to suspect that the person a poor French organ-grinder described as his "leetle girl" was a young woman of sixteen, of rare beauty and charmingly developed figure, and all the rich coloring that belongs to her race?

To say that Mrs. Lynnnton experienced a certain sense of shock when she saw this girl walk in would not express her feelings in any degree. She was paralyzed, and for once the stately Mrs. Lynnnton, who was never known to be at a loss, found herself in a very awkward predicament.

"Well, there's no help for it!" she exclaimed with a sigh, after a long and rather painful meditation in her boudoir. "I must make the best of it all," and she set her teeth as one whom it would take a most extraordinary circumstance to defeat. Then she examined her watch.

"Half-past six and Felix not in yet! What can have kept him. I wonder?"

When he came in at half-past eleven he found his mother waiting for him in the library, dressed in the daintiest of *négligé* costumes, her pretty feet in delicate slippers, and his own dressing-gown and slippers warming by the open fire. He knew the signs—he knew that his mother had something to say, and he smiled to himself as he thought of the many confidences that had come between them in this way.

"We had quite a pleasant little feminine tea at Mrs. Le Normand's this afternoon," she said after a while. "I'm sorry to say it, but I had to snub that horrid little Newberry woman."

"Oh, mother! mother!" laughed Felix, "what had the poor woman done, first to be snubbed and then to be stigmatized as 'that horrid little Newberry woman'; and by my lady mother, too?"

"Why, dear, she said you were going to marry a governess." (It was plain that Mrs. Lynnnton was growing excited.)

"I going to marry a governess? Why, I don't even *know* one! The woman must be insane!"

"No, no, Felix, she didn't say that. She said 'Wait till you did.'"

"Then I think I'd wait," answered the son, relieved, but with much inward wondering as to the cause of his being the subject of a conversation at an afternoon tea. "Suppose you tell me all about it," he said a moment later.

And then his mother told him the history of the afternoon, and repeated to him her memorable reply to "that horrid little Newberry woman."

"Well, mother dear, you certainly did hit her pretty hard, but no harder than she deserved," laughed the son.

"Felix," said his mother, pleadingly, throwing her arms round his neck and drawing his head upon her bosom, "you never told me a lie nor broke a promise to me in your whole life. Promise me *now* that whenever you feel your heart involved you will tell me first—before you speak to her."

Felix tried to turn his head so as to look in his mother's face, but she kept him close to her, and would not permit him to submit her to any scrutiny.

"Certainly, dear; I promise you," he answered, gently. "It is a very easy promise to make and to keep."

"Thank you, dear," sighed his mother with relief. "No matter *who* it may be?"

"No matter *who* it may be," repeated the son.

For some reason Mrs. Lynnnton felt a reluctance to speak to Felix about her latest deed of

charity. She told herself there was no hurry; she could tell him any time—to-morrow evening, perhaps. But she had reckoned without her host, or, what is quite as bad, without the public press. The public press delights to handle the doings of the upper ten, so on the morrow the daily papers were full of an account in which "a charming widow" and "a reduced foreign gentleman" figured most largely. Nothing was said about the "beautiful daughter" of the "reduced foreign gentleman," probably because she did not come till after night; but the "brilliant son" of the "charming widow," was not spared, and flourished in the account quite as conspicuously as if he had been present. No one reading the highly-colored narrative would for a moment have suspected that he had not as yet even heard of the affair. But with his avidity for morning news this would hardly escape his eye, so that when his mother came into the breakfast-room Felix was ready with a hundred-and-one questions. Mrs. Lynnnton had hardly expected to be forced into an explanation so soon, and, not having offered it earlier, felt her position to be a little awkward. However, her tact enabled her to answer the hundred-and-one questions with credit to herself and satisfaction to her son, though both were exceedingly vexed that it should have been so broadly discussed.

* * * * *

So soon do we become accustomed to new environments, that before Suzette Delacourt had been in the house three months the day of her coming had been forgotten, and morning after morning she sat in her own quiet way in the little sewing-room and plied her needle upon those bits of daintiness with which Mrs. Lynnnton loved to adorn herself, and with which her son loved to see her adorned. The time passed smoothly for mother and son—a dinner more or less each week; the opera this week, where it had been the theatre last week—nothing more. But Mrs. Lynnnton's heart was ill at ease. She looked at her stalwart, handsome son and wondered when he would confide in her as he promised. She had grown accustomed to the presence and ministrations of the pretty little French girl, and it had filled her heart with an unspeakable longing for a daughter of her own, but though she watched him closely, by no word or sign could she discover that he was touched by the beauty and sweetness of any one of the daughters of Gotham.

One day a new trouble came to her. Felix was taken ill, and lay for days between life and death. So slow, so weary was the watching, so imperceptible the advance toward health, so numerous the slips when it seemed that the battle was lost all over again, that Easter was upon them before they realized that three months had again come and gone.

Easter Sunday Felix was to be permitted to dine down-stairs for the first time, and to see the flush of excitement upon the mother's face, and the loving touches given to everything, one might imagine her a bride making ready for the groom. And was he not her love? The man whom she adored as she adored no other man in the wide world? Who more worthy than Felix, her beloved?

Dinner over, pale and thin, exhausted with the effort, he lay back in his easy-chair. He was so quiet she thought he slept.

"Mother," he said after a long silence.

What is the instinct that clutches a woman's heart—a mother's heart particularly—and makes her know that it is coming? Whatever it is, that one word of Felix's carried instinctively to his mother's heart a note of warning. But no sign gave she.

"Well, darling?"

"You never refused to give me anything I wanted, then give me what I want now!"

"What shall I give you, beloved?"

"Give me Suzette!" and he opened wide upon her his large eyes, deep-sunken with the fever, until they seemed to burn with an unnatural light.

With a moan of anguish Mrs. Lynnnton flung herself upon her face upon the lounge, crying, "Not that! Oh, Felix, not that! Oh, and I have been so proud of you—so proud of you!" she moaned, sitting up and wringing her hands. Felix crept slowly over to where she sat, and brushing her disordered hair gently from her eyes, stooped and kissed her. The mother felt the quivering lips, and knew all the physical weakness of this, her son, so recently wrested from the grave. Reaching up her arms, she drew him down beside her and placed his head upon her breast as she had done when he was a baby, fondling and caressing and kissing him the while, but speaking no word. So they sat, mother and son, silent, almost motionless, until the quiet twilight fell and covered them like a cloak.

There was a noise at the door.

"No; no lights just now. I will ring when I want them."

"Who was it?"

Mrs. Lynnnton hesitated. She could hardly bring herself to speak the name.

"Suzette," she said, after a moment's pause. Felix started up to call her back, but his mother held him tight.

"You have said nothing to her?" she questioned, quickly.

"Mother!" A world of reproach was in his tone.

"I know! I know!" she cried, rocking backward and forward. "You promised, dear, but it is so hard to believe anything. I felt as if the house were falling around my head. The daughter of an organ-grinder! The daughter of a ballet-dancer! A girl who has gone around with a man and an organ and taken the money as a monkey might have done!" she cried with passionate bitterness, throwing up her head in despair. "And my son a Despard on one side and a Lynnnton on the other!"

Her own words recalled to her mind the scene between herself and "that horrid little Mrs. Newberry," some six months before, and she buried her face against her son's cheek for very shame. And the tears which she had been able so long to control gushed forth from the very depths of her bitter humiliation. Truly, the blow was more than she could bear.

"When did it begin?" she asked, finally.

"I can hardly tell. You know she has been waiting on me a great deal during my illness and—"

"So have I been waiting on you a great deal," broke in his mother, jealously.

Felix smiled. "And do I love you any the less because you have done so?"

"Are you sure of yourself, Felix?" asked his mother, ignoring the question. "Will not this fancy pass away? Come, let us go to Europe; let us travel," she continued, eagerly. "You have not spoken—she does not know—you may forget."

"No, mother; I shall not forget," answered Felix, sadly. "I will say nothing in opposition to your wishes, but you will be blighting my whole life in opposing me."

"Oh, you shall have it, Felix, my boy," moaned the distracted mother; "but oh, Heaven! it is hard, it is hard! My only son! My only hope! A Despard on one side and a Lynnnton on the other! And what people will say! That horrid little Newberry woman will be triumphant. Oh, I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it! Felix, give up this wild notion!"

But her pleading fell upon deaf ears. The excitement had been too much for Felix Lynnnton, and he had fainted—a swoon so death-like and so long that the despairing mother thought she had killed her son. When he recovered, the victory was won, but not unconditionally.

It was arranged between them that they were to go abroad at once and take Suzette with them, but in her regular capacity. Mrs. Lynnnton stipulated that no word should be said to her until they were safe on the other side. She had thought long and hard, and had at last hit upon a plan of campaign which opened up with great satisfaction to herself, and promised defeat to her enemies. She was very much in hope that when they once reached the girl's native land she would not wish to return, but would find friends that had more attractions for her than were presented in Mrs. Lynnnton's house. It might be that her fears were unfounded anyway; perhaps the girl had no fondness for Felix, though that was hardly likely. Besides, she'd marry him anyway. Still she might find native friends and prefer to remain, and if not—well—if not, she would know how to arrange it. And sure enough, when Mrs. Lynnnton returned to America, six months later, with her invalid son entirely restored to health, and cheerful and bright and happy, Suzette had been left behind.

"And so you are back, my dear Mrs. Lynnnton," exclaimed Mrs. Kenyon, meeting that lady in Tiffany's. "Are you tired of Europe?"

"Oh, no! I should not care to reside there always, but I shall most certainly return there for a few months when my daughter has finished her education. That will be about a year and a half from now."

"Your daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Kenyon, in unfeigned astonishment. "Why, I didn't know you had one! I thought your son was your only child."

Mrs. Lynnnton raised her eyebrows and exclaimed with assumed petulance. "Now, is it possible that you did not know I had adopted a very lovely daughter while I was abroad—a young French girl to whom I had grown very deeply attached? I certainly am piqued that such an important event could come to me, and all Gotham not have heard of it." And she

laughed her musical little laugh, that revealed so much sometimes, while it concealed more.

"There!" she exclaimed to herself in triumph, as she saw Mrs. Kenyon retreating to her carriage. "Before night that will be all over Gotham, and my charming Marie will be the talk of the town. I wonder whether I shall be regarded as most lunatic or philanthropist? Pshaw! What does it matter what any one thinks? It was a bold stroke, but a necessary one."

As Mrs. Lynnton had surmised, before night her news had spread like wild fire, and before the week was out she was besieged with questions. Had dear Mrs. Lynnton really adopted a daughter—a young French girl? Yes, she had adopted a young French girl, Marie L'Estrange, and that she was beautiful she would prove to the general public in a year or two. And how had Mrs. Lynnton come across this young beauty? Mrs. Lynnton, though she had never met the mother, had known the young girl's father. And Mr. Felix, how did he like the idea? Mr. Felix, his mother assured the dear inquisitives, was delighted with the arrangement. And that pretty little French girl that Mrs. Lynnton had taken abroad, what had become of her? Oh, she had found native friends and had concluded to remain in France. And then, some way, just at this juncture, Mrs. Lynnton's manner did not seem to encourage any further curious questions. But the matter was established beyond a doubt that Mrs. Lynnton had adopted a daughter, and that the daughter was now in Paris completing her education, and that Mr. Lynnton was pleased with the arrangement.

"That horrid Mrs. Newberry" remembered Mrs. Lynnton's snubbing, administered months before, and saw through the whole arrangement.

"Pooh! I see it all," she exclaimed, triumphantly, in the privacy of a boudoir tea, to her dear five intimates. "She was so afraid that Felix, the adorable, immaculate Felix, would make a *mésalliance* after all, that she has taken time by the forelock, and adopted a charming young French girl of blue blood, whom she is going to throw in Felix's way and secure his happiness with a ready-made wife, and her own with an aristocratic daughter-in-law at the same time. Oh, I know her! She's as deep as the sea. You don't suppose she was going to be outgeneraled after the way she has talked? Not she! She's as wise as a serpent."

The dear tea-drinkers round her nodded sagely, and applauded the speaker's perspicacity. So it became a settled fact that Marie L'Estrange was the daughter of a French count, who once owned immense estates, but who, through reverses, had become very poor. Mrs. Lynnton had known him in his wealthier days; indeed, at one time he had done her a great favor (just what, no one seemed able to say), and she had adopted his daughter, whom she had found in Paris at a *pension*. The poor man had strained every nerve to educate his only daughter.

Mrs. Lynnton hugged herself with delight as first one extravagant tale and then another came to her ears, but never a word said she. She knew what she had said, and she knew what she had left unsaid, and it was all very funny.

Again a private tea, but this time only two at it, Mrs. Lynnton, the hostess, and Mrs. Le Normand, the guest. They sip, and chat of a thousand and one things, and the engagement of Felix comes up. Mrs. Lynnton has dreaded this moment, but she is prepared for it.

"Tell me something, Alice," says Mrs. Le Normand, looking straight at Mrs. Lynnton.

"Well?" replied Mrs. Lynnton, pausing in her occupation of putting another lump of sugar into her cup, and returning her friend's direct gaze.

"See here, Alice, we are old friends—the oldest, perhaps, in this cosmopolitan town. Tell me, truly. I've been haunted by a resemblance ever since your so-called daughter-in-law came home, but I've not breathed a breath of it, even to Roy. Isn't Marie L'Estrange the Suzette that you took abroad with you, and that you said you had left in France with friends, because she had preferred to stay there?"

Mrs. Lynnton nodded in acquiescence.

"And the *mésalliance*?"

"A young girl whom I have adopted and made my daughter, can hardly be called a *mésalliance*, Mimi,"—mingled reproach and dignity in her tone.

The two women gazed at each other a moment in silence, a world of meaning in their eyes.

"Well?" said Mrs. Lynnton, at last.

"Nothing. You should have been a major-general, Alice," said Mrs. Le Normand.

"Thanks," replied Mrs. Lynnton, and dropped the sugar into her cup.

The Strike at Cripple Creek.

(Continued from page 402.)

sheriffs would be sufficient to protect the miners who were willing to work if guaranteed protection.

This was three weeks ago. At once the mine-owners addressed themselves to active defense. A number of experienced men had recently been discharged from the Denver police force, and these were pressed into service. While all this was going on the union miners were also at work. They erected a barricade on the summit of Bull Hill, five hundred feet above the Victor and Buena Vista mines, where they could command a view of almost the entire camp. Their barricade consisted of a log fort, chinked with broken rock, supplied with loopholes and ladders. It was stored with munitions of war, guns, telescopes, field-glasses, and other useful implements. Besides, there were kegs of powder, ready plugged with fuses, to be rolled down the hill and exploded at almost any given point. On the morning of the 25th active hostilities began. About four hundred miners assembled at Victor and directed their attention to the Strong and Independence mines. The former was guarded by fourteen men. The first move of the strikers was the cutting of all telephone wires and then the blowing up of the Strong shaft-house by dynamite. Half a dozen men close by were injured but none were killed. The strikers then dropped several dynamite cartridges down the shaft and set fire to the timbers. They then moved on toward the Summit and Pharmacist mines with the intent of demolishing them, but were headed off for the day by the deputies and a terrific storm.

One curious manifestation of Western enterprise was illustrated within two miles of all the hostilities on the 25th, where a real-estate firm sold three hundred and seventy-five lots on the strength of the railroad reaching camp by June 1st. Had the situation been less serious the nerve and energy of this firm would have been laughable.

On the morning of May 26th the miners made a move on the deputies on Battle Mountain, but were repulsed. Just at this time five hundred additional deputies were rushed into camp, and the miners retreated to their stronghold; later in the day a conflict occurred resulting in the killing of a union man and the wounding of five. By noon of the 26th fully one thousand deputies reached camp from Denver and Colorado Springs, and a number of arrests of rioters were made. Attempts at arbitration were made but failed, and for days the reign of terrorism continued—bodies of miners plundering private houses and maltreating everybody suspected of not being in sympathy with them. Many bankers and merchants secreted their valuables to prevent their seizure and destruction by the mob. Picket-lines established by the strikers around the camp prevented ingress or egress without their consent. In several cases prisoners were made by them of persons who were regarded as hostile. At this writing, efforts are still making to effect a compromise of the difficulties, but the prospect of an early settlement is not encouraging.

Get There, "Vigilant"!

THE *Vigilant* has departed on her international mission. New York made no show of interest in her departure. One machine-boat, misnamed a yacht, accompanied her to Sandy Hook. There was no flourish of trumpets. The trumpets will remain in their boxes until she rounds in past the Hook once more.

This apparently cold send-off was, however, no criterion by which to gauge the interest of the nation in its representative boat. On the contrary, no craft of modern times has left our shores more freighted with the hopes and goodwill of our sixty millions of people.

To say that this universal and affectionate concentration contains aught of anxiety would be to misstate the case. In *Vigilant* we send a boat that has been tried. No matter what her fortune may be in English waters, we have seen her defeat England's best yacht in three straight races, and we are thus fairly entitled to the not immodest confidence which facts have forced upon us. The history of *Vigilant* has been written in deeds, not in words; and that the same untarnished record of continuous success may be indefinitely prolonged is the short form of common prayer which every American will observe.

And this because we do not forget that in some positions the *Vigilant* is not likely to win. We have seen the *Valkyrie* hold the *Vigilant* blanketed for hours, and also beat her several minutes to a windward buoy. We know, also, that in narrow water-ways like the Clyde or Thames courses the American boat is no match for the *Valkyrie* when there is much coming about. The easily-marked gain which *Valkyrie* made when both boats "stayed" will be also made by *Britannia*, and perhaps *Satanita*. Where the *Vigilant* can spread her enormous American head canvas she will win. Thus, in triangular races she is almost sure to make up in running and reaching what she may lose in the windward work. In these directions *Vigilant* is simply terrific. On strong beam winds, to say Cherbourg and back, the *Valkyrie* will not be even in sight at the finish. And no one would admit this more readily than Lord Dunraven himself. For the supposititious race here instanced, the *Satanita* must not, however, be forgotten, because with fair winds, blowing hard, she can run away from both *Valkyrie* and *Britannia*.

Still, while we must not blind our eyes to the above-mentioned possibilities of disappointment, it is clear that the preponderance of chance in *Vigilant's* favor is almost too great for the production of the best sport. In spite of the opinion which, in England, has steadily gained ground, that the *Britannia* is now a better boat than *Valkyrie*, we are disinclined to believe that she will successfully compete with the enormous power which *Vigilant* develops in her reaching. As to this, however, we must also remember that in her races here she carried between twenty and thirty men more than *Valkyrie*. These extra men were carried only for ballast, and when piled on the weather gunwale of such a broad boat, must have assisted materially at certain times. In England the *Vigilant* will not be allowed to take this advantage, and the point may prove important in races where seconds are as good as hours.

Appreciating the absorbing interest which the whole nation takes in the *Vigilant*, LESLIE'S WEEKLY has kept its artists busy in supplying the pictures which the public demands. The photographs show the preparations for the voyage, the meetings of owners, skippers, and crews, the departure of the yacht, and even her appearance when well out to sea. Somehow it seems easier to send after her a hearty *bon voyage* when we see her just as she looked in the full swing of the Atlantic seaway.

STINSON JARVIS.

THE AMATEUR ARFIELD

A YALE TEAM TO GO ABROAD.

EVEN if the Yale crew does not go to England this fall and race the Oxford eight, it seems to be settled that the New Haven university will be represented on the other side this year by an athletic team chosen from the men who defeated Harvard in the dual league games, and a few weeks later, in the New York meeting, all the American colleges. This team will consist of about ten men. It will sail for England the latter part of this month, and meet the Oxford representatives on the Queen's Club grounds, London, July 14th. Practically all the arrangements have been completed, and there seems to be no chance that the scheme will fall through.

The success of the plan is due to the loyalty of a few Yale alumni who are especially interested in the welfare of the athletic team. Charles H. Sherrill, '89, the well-known sprinter, and the captain of the team during his senior term in college, began the movement. Almost immediately after his graduation he corresponded with the English athletes, but until the present year there has really been no reason for sending a Yale team out of the country, as it has been defeated in the dual league or the intercollegiate games, or both. This year, however, Yale is clearly at the front. When the success of the Yale athletes was prophesied, Mr. Sherrill began his negotiations anew. In these he has been materially assisted by McL. Van Ingen, '93 Sheffield Scientific School, himself a prominent athlete, who has been in England for the last six weeks. He made the final arrangements, and fixed the day with the representatives of Oxford. Ten days ago he cabled Mr. Sherrill, and the latter made the affair public through the newspapers. Curiously enough, nothing was known about the matter at New Haven until the papers printed the results of Mr. Sherrill's work, but the Yale men were only too glad to go, and the team has been practically selected.

THE GAMES TO BE CONTESTED.

In the English interuniversity games but

nine events are contested: 100-yards dash, 440-yards run, mile run, three-miles run, 120-yards high-hurdle race, broad jump, high jump, throwing 16-pound hammer, and putting 16-pound shot. All these events are in the American list, except the three-miles run; for this Yale had no men in training, and there was some delay in selecting an event to take its place. Yale proposed the half-mile, the pole vault, the two-mile bicycle race, or the mile walk, and Oxford finally selected the first. It is announced that in accordance with the English rules, only two men from each university will be allowed to compete in each event, and the team which wins the most first places will carry off the palm.

THE CHANCES OF VICTORY.

Now, as to the chances of victory. The only basis of comparison must be found in the records made by the English and American athletes in the games this year. Even a glance at these will show that Yale has a fighting chance of winning, although some of the American authorities have said that the New Haven men could not expect to get as many first places as Oxford. Hickok, the Yale captain for next year, is practically certain to win both the hammer and shot. In this country we throw the hammer from a seven-foot circle, while in England a thirty-foot run is allowed. Even this advantage will not counterbalance the strength of Hickok, who has thrown the hammer almost 124 feet in competition, which is far better than any English collegian has done this year. With the run, Hickok is likely to throw 150 feet, for his only trouble now is to keep his balance after letting the hammer go. As he will be allowed to run after delivering the hammer, there is no telling how far he may throw it. At any rate, it will go several feet further than his English rival, Robertson, can throw. Hickok puts the shot almost a foot further than the best English university record, and four feet further than the best Oxford man this year. There can be little doubt about the results of these two events.

Cady runs the high hurdles in sixteen seconds. This equals the English record, and is two-fifths of a second better than the time made in the Oxford-Cambridge games. Some Yale men are counting on this event as sure. The time for the quarter in the English games was 50 4-5 seconds. Sanford has not failed once in competition this year to do better than that; he ought to win across the water. Yale can hardly hope to win the mile. Morgan is a fast and plucky runner, but the Oxford man, Greenboro, can cover the distance in 4 minutes and 22 seconds, about nine seconds better than Morgan has done in competition. Sheldon will be Yale's reliance in both the high and broad jump, but he will probably be beaten in both. Fry of Oxford can do better than 22 feet 4 inches in the broad, but Sheldon cannot be counted upon for more than 21 feet 9 or 10 inches. In the high jump Sheldon has cleared 5 feet 8 inches, but he can hardly do that now. Swanwick, in the Oxford games, cleared the bar at 5 feet 10 1/2 inches.

The 100 yards is very doubtful. The time made in the English games this year was 10 2-5 seconds. Sanford can equal that record, and Richards, even if in poor form and unreliable, ought to do better. Sanford will probably have to save himself for the quarter, and is really not a first-class man in the sprint. Cleveland would be better. Yale certainly has a chance in this event. Woodhull runs the half in 1 minute 59 4-5 seconds. We do not know what the English runner will do, but it is plain that it will take a fast man to beat Woodhull at the tape.

THE POSSIBILITIES SUMMARIZED.

On this basis of reckoning Yale should win the hammer, shot, quarter, and hurdles, and Oxford the mile and the two jumps, with the 100 and half mile doubtful. The trouble is that in England the hurdles are run on the turf, and this custom may put Cady out of the race. It will certainly make his time slower. So it is not safe to count on Yale as a winner over the sticks. The other events take place under the same conditions, and the comparison of times must give a hint at least as to the chances of the men. The Americans may not be able to get in first-class shape by July 14th, but they ought to, and the fact that they will be in a strange country should not affect them much. Unless unfortunate circumstances arise the Yale athletes will have a chance of victory, and not a bad chance, either. Every loyal-hearted American will wish them good luck and final success.

John D. Merrill.



OFF THE BENCH.

JUSTICES OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 408.]
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The city of Boston, like this metropolis, suffers, at various points, from inadequate facilities of transit. At certain hours of the day Tremont Street, for instance, is congested with people awaiting transportation on the trolley lines. So serious are the delays and discomforts resulting from the absence of satisfactory means of urban travel that methods of relief are being urgently demanded, but as yet no definite plan has been agreed upon. One proposition looks to the construction of an underground road in the crowded part of the city.

THE INADEQUATE TROLLEY FACILITIES OF BOSTON—A DAILY SCENE ON TREMONT STREET.—DRAWN BY F. O. SMALL.

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Off the Bench.

A SERIOUS-FACED, sombre-garbed, and high-batted procession is one of Washington's interesting every-day sights. It occurs on Pennsylvania Avenue. It is the solemn march of the justices of the Supreme Court from the Capitol to their homes in the fashionable West End. At four o'clock the court adjourns. It matters not if counsel is in the middle of an argument. The justices sit where their eyes fall upon the face of the marble clock over the door. As the long hand verges on twelve and the short hand is at four, the chief justice stops the proceedings and announces that the hour of adjournment has arrived. There is only one instance on record in ten years when the session has been prolonged beyond the usual hour. That was when Mr. Cleveland, then ex-President, made his only appearance before the court. At four o'clock he had not quite finished his argument. Chief Justice Fuller interrupted with the usual announcement.

"I have but little more to say," replied the ex-President, thumbing two or three type-written sheets. "I would much prefer to finish to-night, so that I can take a train for New York."

With that Mr. Cleveland proceeded. The chief justice bowed, and the court sat until twenty minutes past four. It was a great innovation.

Ten minutes after adjournment the members of the court are swinging down the avenue at a five-miles-an-hour gait. Sometimes they are in pairs, sometimes in threes, sometimes singly. Rarely they are in a chatty mood and talk and laugh. Oftener they stride along with their heads bent forward, each absorbed in his own thoughts, and preoccupied to that degree that he may pass members of his own family without recognition.

Mr. Gribayédoff has pictured the justices just as at Washington has so often seen them in this march down the avenue.

One justice is never seen in the procession. Every day that the court meets a carriage is driven to the Senate entrance of the Capitol. An old man steps out and mounts the steps so slowly that it seems as if he will be unequal to the exertion. A colored attendant is at his elbow but does not venture assistance. The old man walks through the lower corridor; his steps are very short; he raises his feet an inch or two and puts them down carefully; in time he reaches the elevator which takes him to the Senate floor; then he moves over the marble tiling until he reaches the room where the silk gowns are kept. He is making a record. In four years, if he lives, Justice Field will have sat upon the Supreme Bench longer than any other member of the court since its foundation. That is his ambition. Chief Justice Marshall sat thirty-four years.

Justice Field lives in the unfashionable part of Washington. When he came, a third of a century ago, the best people had their residences on Capitol Hill. The justice bought a house and plenty of ground on First Street. He remodeled and added to it to suit his needs, and his home to-day is one of the architectural freaks of Washington. It stands on a terrace six or eight feet above the street. From his library window the venerable justice looks across the Capitol grounds and into the windows of the Supreme Court chamber.

The Supreme Court circle forms a little community of itself for social ends. It has its days and its dinners. The *esprit de corps* is strong. It embraces the families, the private secretaries, the officers of the court, and even extends to employes and servants. The Supreme Court page—for the court has a corps of pages to go for books and papers and to bring glasses of water—feels that he is an entirely different young person from the Senate or the House page. Then there are the Supreme Court messengers. Each justice has a messenger. As soon as a new justice comes to town he is called upon by the colored man who served his predecessor. The colored man introduces himself, and immediately assumes all of those minor duties and cares which come within the province of a well-trained messenger. To some new justices it is a novel sensation to have a messenger take charge of him. One of these messengers called upon a Western appointee and briefly announced:

"I was the messenger of the late Mr. Justice So-and-so."

"Well?" asked the successor.

"I've come to be your messenger," said the colored man.

"I don't know as I need your services," replied the justice.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the colored man, "you do. Every member of the co't has a messenger. I'm yours."

Unabashed by the protest and the coolness, the colored man attached himself without further explanation and entered upon his duties. The service may seem awkward at first, but the justices soon find that it is pleasing. There is no case on record of a justice dispensing with his messenger after the ice is once broken.

A better position financially than any other in Washington, except the President's, is that which bears the modest title of Reporter of the Supreme Court. Judge J. C. Bancroft Davis, who had previously enjoyed high official honors, resigned a life appointment on the Court of Claims not long ago to accept this appointment. The fees netted him last year twenty thousand dollars. Before Judge Davis became reporter the office was held by a gentleman whose income from it was estimated at seventy-five thousand dollars a year. It was told of him that he indulged in sybaritic tastes to the degree of paying twenty dollars for a bath in rose-water. The Bar protested mildly against his schedule of fees. The court investigated, reduced the fees, and got a new reporter.

In one respect the justices who compose the present court have departed from tradition. On pedestals along the semicircular back of the chamber are the busts of the seven distinguished jurists who have in turn occupied the middle chair. Six of these chief justices were, as the marble counterfeits show, smooth shaven. The seventh and the last preceding the sitting chief justice had a full beard. It was once a rare thing to see hair on the face of a justice. The innovation came when President Lincoln in 1863 appointed Justice Field. Mr. Field was an argonaut. He had gone to California with gold-hunters in 1849. He had administered Mexican law as an Alcalde. He had grown a wild-western beard. He declined to sacrifice it. Since that time the beard of Justice Field has stood a precedent for justices to do as they pleased. Justice Harlan is smooth shaven. Justice Gray wears a considerable patch on each jaw. The chief justice continues the long, drooping mustache. Newspapers had much to say about that mustache when the chief justice was named. They urged that the mustache must go, as inconsistent with the gravity and dignity of the position. The mustache is still there, but it is the only one on the Bench. Justice Brewer brought with him from Kansas a beard that the sun and wind of that breezy country had fructified. In a few weeks afterward, Justice Brewer appeared with a smooth face, and he remains so. Justice Brown is also shaven and shorn, but he made no change in his appearance when he came in 1891. The third Yale College man in succession to come upon the Bench, Justice Shiras, of Pennsylvania, introduced something new. His hirsute individuality consists of well-trimmed "siders" resembling in extent those of Dr. Chauncey M. Depew. Justice Jackson, the Democrat of Federalistic tendencies, who was appointed to the Circuit Bench by President Cleveland, and to the Supreme Bench by President Harrison, brought the aggressive goatee, which reaches a degree of perfection in Tennessee. The latest addition to the Bench, Justice White, has little blonde patches in front of his ears. Justices Brewer and Brown were classmates and close friends at Yale. They were pressed by zealous influences at the same time for the Bench. A mutual acquaintance wrote to Judge Brewer that he was much interested; that he hardly knew which one he most wished might succeed. Judge Brewer replied that if the choice lay between him and Judge Brown, he hoped the latter would get it. The mutual friend carried the letter to President Harrison, hardly guessing what the effect would be. The President smiled and appointed Judge Brewer, giving Judge Brown the next place.

Justice Brewer is a nephew of Justice Field. His mother was a sister of Cyrus W. and David Dudley Field. She married a missionary and went away to Greece. There Stephen J. Field, a boy of thirteen, accompanied her, and remained nearly three years studying modern Greek in Athens.

Upon one occasion a President given to plainness of speech was approached by the friends of a short man, to urge his fitness for a place on the Bench. The President shook his head and said: "His coat-tails are too near the ground."

It certainly did seem, some years ago, as if physical qualifications went a long way in the consideration of candidates. The time was when the nine high-backed leather-covered chairs held sons of Anak. The President who ruled out the man who was only five feet four inches explained that he thought goodly proportions added to the weight of the court in a sentimental sense, and that decisions came with more force of dignity from large men.

President Cleveland broke the unwritten rule of size when he nominated the late Justice

Lamar, who was not more than five feet eight. He lowered the record a couple of inches more when he made Mr. Fuller chief justice. This is a little surprising when it is considered that the President is himself a heavy-weight. President Harrison put two-hundred-pounders on the Bench in the persons of Justice Brewer and Justice Brown. He added a six-footer in Justice Shiras. Justice Jackson is a much larger man physically than the chief justice, but he falls below the physical average of the Bench as at present constituted. The recent appointment of Justice White looks like getting back to the old days. While in the Senate, Mr. White was one of the largest members of that body. He has not only height, but is of massive proportions.

WALTER B. STEVENS.

A Song of Farewell.

FAREWELL, dear heart! if thou must go
Far out into the world, I know—
And I'm sustained by the sweet thought—
Thou canst not go where God is not,
And so, farewell!

For God is goodness, and God reigns,
Yea, everywhere—on southern plains,
On northern hills—mid winter's chill,
Mid summer's brightness, there, yea, still
He reigns. Farewell!

On land or sea, in peril drear,
In calm or storm—in all that here
On earth can fall—oh, happy thought,
Thou canst not be where God is not,
And so, farewell!

GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

Joseph H. Choate.

MR. CHOATE occupies a unique position in the life and the society of New York. He is not and has never been a public man in the ordinary sense of the term, for he is not and has never been an office-holder, nor has he been particularly active or prominent in politics. And yet Mr. Choate is one of the very best-known men in the metropolis, and his fame extends to the furthest limits of the country. This distinction—and in Mr. Choate's case what in many others is mere notoriety is real distinction—has been gained almost exclusively in the practice of his profession. It may be that there are other lawyers in New York more learned than he in legal lore, others just as skillful in the practice before judges and juries, but without any doubt if the question were referred to the popular vote, Mr. Choate, by a very large majority, would be declared the leader of the New York Bar. The lawyers themselves might declare in favor of Mr. Carter or Mr. Parsons, but the people would unquestionably say that neither of these nor any other could hold a candle to "Joe" Choate. And probably before a jury Mr. Choate is stronger than either of these, or both of them put together.

While Mr. Choate has much of the magnetic eloquence that made his illustrious kinsman, Rufus Choate, almost invincible in the courts, his strong point lies probably in caustic invective rather than in pure eloquence. That is, caustic invective is his strong point as a speaker; but the man, the lawyer, is mightiest in cross-examining a witness who has something to conceal or who wishes to convey a false impression. It was only the other day that we saw him at his best in this capacity. Few people ever feel sorry for Russell Sage. He is not a man who excites sympathy. The writer remembers very well the day that Sage's office was blown up by dynamite; he was in the crowd in Wall Street that gathered after the explosion. The crowd thought that Sage had been killed. There were no expressions of horror at so dreadful a fate. On the contrary, men actually smiled that Sage should have met such an end. This is told to show the regard in which Sage is held by the general public. Notwithstanding this, when Sage was on the witness-stand in the case in which he was sued for having used a broker's clerk to shield himself from the madman, and Mr. Choate was cross-questioning him, there were many who felt sorry for the exquisite torture of the hard-fisted old millionaire. But Mr. Choate was pitiless, and he compelled Sage to make an exposition of himself more unlovely than his worst enemy had ever done. The result was a verdict for the broker's clerk on general principles. Now many lawyers would have remembered Sage's immense wealth and the great power he and his associate capitalists wield, and would have been tender with the old man out of personal policy, but Mr. Choate is always fearless. When he goes into a case he acts as though everything of importance in the world was confined to that case. This singleness of purpose makes him wonderfully effective.

The first time the writer ever saw Mr. Choate in court was some fifteen years ago in a probate

case. The celebrated architect, Richard M. Hunt, had sued Mrs. Paran Stevens for his fees in building the Victoria Hotel. In the trial of the case Mr. Choate appeared for Hunt against Mrs. Stevens, who was then, as now, a powerful leader in the fashionable society in New York and Newport. Mrs. Stevens's antecedents, as is very well known, were very humble, but the exact facts were never so well known till Mr. Choate, in cross-examination in this suit, disclosed the facts. Of course a humble origin is no discredit to man or woman, but there are foolish people who think it is, and conceal their beginnings with skillful care. Such people held their breath in horror at Mr. Choate's boldness in treating Mrs. Stevens in the same fashion as though she were an every-day kind of person; and in summing up he showed that he appreciated the fact that Mrs. Stevens is not in the least an ordinary woman. He described her rise in life from humble beginnings to a social eminence so great that it extended over two worlds, "and at last," he said, "the arm of royalty was bent to receive her gloved hand." Then the speaker paused and asked in grave tones, "And how, gentlemen of the jury, did she reach this great eminence?" Here there was a long pause, and then came the answer in a low voice, "Upon a mountain of unpaid bills." This speech not only won a verdict but made a great sensation.

Another of Mr. Choate's notable cases was as one of the counsel for General Fitz John Porter before the board of inquiry. General Porter had sought a hearing for years, but always unsuccessfully. At last this board of inquiry was appointed, and Mr. Choate entered the case with many doubts, it is said, as to General Porter's innocence. But he had not gone far before he was convinced that Porter was a deeply wronged man, and at the conclusion of the hearing the officers composing the board were of the same mind. This case necessitated the recounting of the history of an important campaign of the war, and did much toward giving Mr. Choate a national reputation.

There is not space to enumerate one per cent. of Mr. Choate's important cases; those above have been mentioned merely because each one is an illustration of Mr. Choate's fearless disregard of the power of wealth, the prestige of high social position, and the prejudice of party. As an after-dinner speaker and an occasional orator Mr. Choate ranks high, and it is seldom indeed that he rises, either at the dinner-table or upon the platform, without saying something that his hearers carry away with them to think over and comment on. In this regard he rivals that ever-young veteran, Abram S. Hewitt, who always speaks what is in his mind without regard to consequences. The most notable instance of this in Mr. Choate's recent career was when he told at a St. Patrick's Day dinner how the Irish misruled all the cities in America. He did this with so much wit, candor, good nature, and disregard of consequences that the gentlemen present, fiery Hibernians every one, received his remarks in the same spirit that they were made. In after-dinner badinage and merry-making Mr. Choate comes out very strong, and, with the exception of Wayne MacVeagh, now American minister in Italy, there is no one the writer has ever heard of who relishes an encounter of wit with the redoubtable New York lawyer.

Mr. Choate has an immense practice, and is probably rapidly acquiring a fortune. He is a member of the firm of Evarts, Choate & Beaman, of which William M. Evarts, ex-Secretary of State, ex-Attorney-General, and ex-Senator, is the senior member; but Mr. Evarts is not now active in the practice. Mr. Choate is an earnest Republican in politics, and usually in each campaign contributes a speech or so. He has not, however, cared for office, being wedded to his profession. Last November he was elected a member of the New York State Constitutional Convention, and upon its assembling for organization was very fitly called upon to preside over its deliberations.

In personal appearance Mr. Choate is tall and spare, with the student's stoop in his shoulders. His hair is light and his eyes deep-sunken. In movement he is not graceful, but his ungainliness seems appropriate to the man, and therefore does not detract from the effectiveness of his appearance. His clothes hang upon him with a looseness which seems to indicate that they had been made in London, and not refitted after arrival in New York. What has been said might imply that Mr. Choate was not a good-looking man. But he is good-looking, as Mr. Gribayédoff's picture shows, and he is more than that—he has that indefinable air of distinction which goes along with broad-minded cultivation and the consciousness of great capacity for achievement.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.



THE LATEST PARIS MODES.
PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE PARIS "ILLUSTRATION."
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FASHIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AFTER the Concours Hippique, "Varnishing Day" at the salon of the Champs Elysées is the next event where the new fashions and elegant toilettes are displayed. There will be seen all the different styles in vogue, and many extremes as well, from checked cheviot made without any trimming and quite Quakerish in simplicity, to rich toilettes in brocatelle and lace.

The two costumes pictured were worn upon this occasion, and represent the very height of the modiste's art. The one at the left is made in the new *crêpon gaufré* in a rich shade of amethyst. The skirt is cut in the approved shape, short and round, close on the hips, with the fullness massed at the back, and is trimmed at each side with three graduated points of guipure in butter color, which terminate in knotted bows of pale violet ribbon. The bodice is short and round, and the waist is encircled with a soft sash of violet ribbon, which is tied in a full bow with ends at the back. A round shoulder cape of guipure is bordered with a flounce of chiffon, and a drooping frill of the same finishes the neck.

The second costume is pictured in a pale let-

tuce-green *barége*, having the full skirt bordered with a galloon of metallic-green *paillettes*. The bodice ends in full *basques*, also bordered with the galloon, and is held together in front over a pleated vest of pale green tulle, with knots of emerald green satin. A pointed collar of guipure defines the neck of the bodice, and the huge *poufs* of the mousquetaire sleeves are caught up on the front with rosettes of the satin. A wide *cravate* of the green tulle is fastened at the throat after the latest mode.

* * * * *

It is not exactly what she wears, but the charming way she wears it, may be written as a just criticism of women in relation to clothes.

Whereas Gladys will look beautiful in a simple frock of pink *crêpon* and a fichu of white muslin, Phyllis will appear the quintessence of dowdiness and clumsiness under the influence of exactly the same costume.

And why? Because on that fortunate she will rest the nameless something which is—style.

It is a magic word, which may be brought at one's bidding with a bit of lace here, a perky bow there; which proves the fact that trifles

light as air make the sum total of woman's costume.

The lace cape is undoubtedly to be the idol of our summer hours. It assumes as many forms as the fairy godmother of old, and it is seen in all grades of lace, from the gossamer-like webs of rose-point, to the substantial patterns of the Russian *point de Venise*. It is in butter color, of course, and oh, dear! we begin to wish that Isigny butter had never suggested to the French manufacturer the idea of tinting lace to match it, for the eyes and senses are a-weary with the cheap, coarse lace which is disporting itself on garments of all sorts.

However, the lace cape-collar is a boon to the woman of limited means, because by its aid she can give an air of elegance to any half-worn bodice that might otherwise have to be discarded. If the sleeves are smaller than the present fashion demands, the lace of the cape increases their apparent size. Some of the capes are arranged in points all round, while others are like a round yoke, and others again are shaped to sharp points back and front, with rounding cap pieces to rest upon the sleeves of the gown. A cape of this sort might be made

at home very easily, with perpendicular rows of insertion in two widths, joined together so as to
(Continued on page 412.)

A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

OUR readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

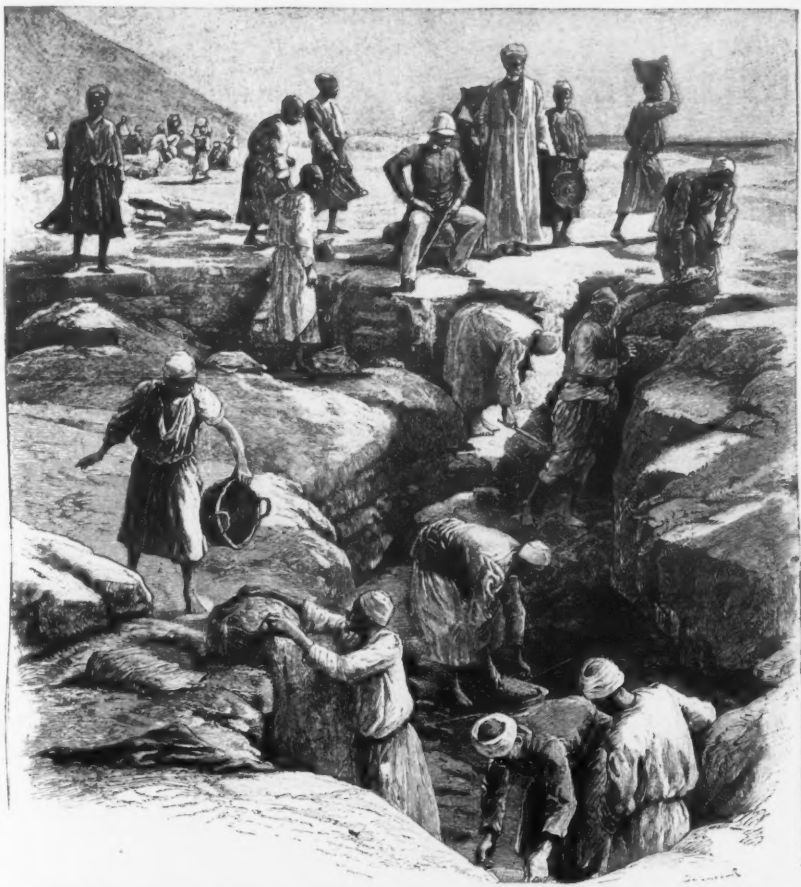


SOME time since we published portraits of the "ladies of the Cabinet," accompanied by a descriptive article in which the distinguishing qualities of each were admirably set forth. Herewith we give a group picture of Mrs. Cleveland and the Cabinet ladies, which will be found more interesting, possibly, to many of our readers than the individual portraits. It is a natural, home-like family picture, presenting each individual face as it appears in the familiar friendly relationships of daily life.

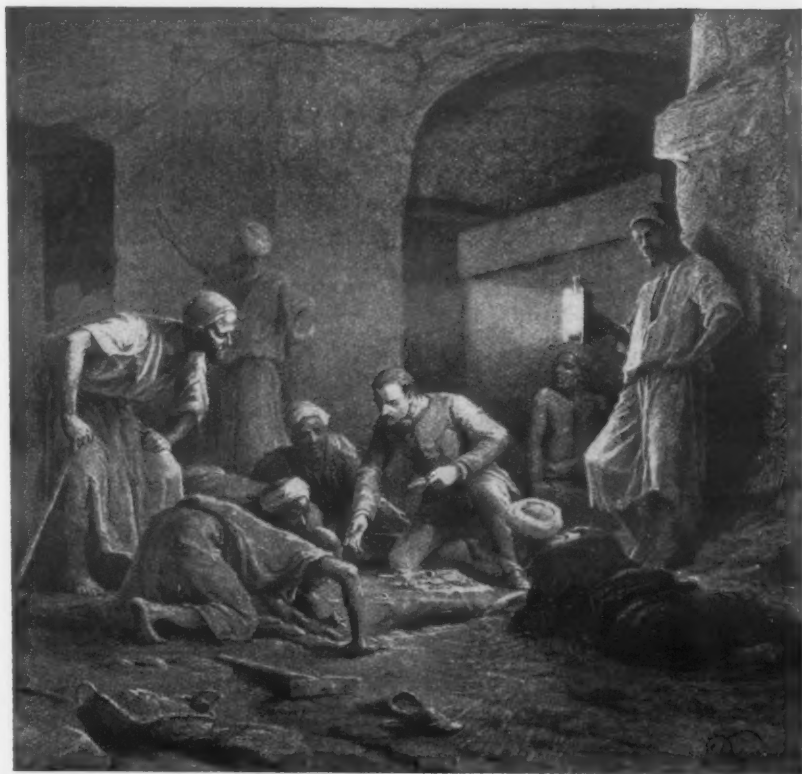
MRS. CLEVELAND AND LADIES OF THE CABINET.—COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL.
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THE TEAM OF YALE ATHLETES SELECTED TO COMPETE WITH OXFORD IN THE ENGLISH INTER-UNIVERSITY GAMES.—PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.
[SEE PAGE 405.]
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THE RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT—EXCAVATIONS AT THE PYRAMIDS OF DAHCOUR.
Paris Illustration.



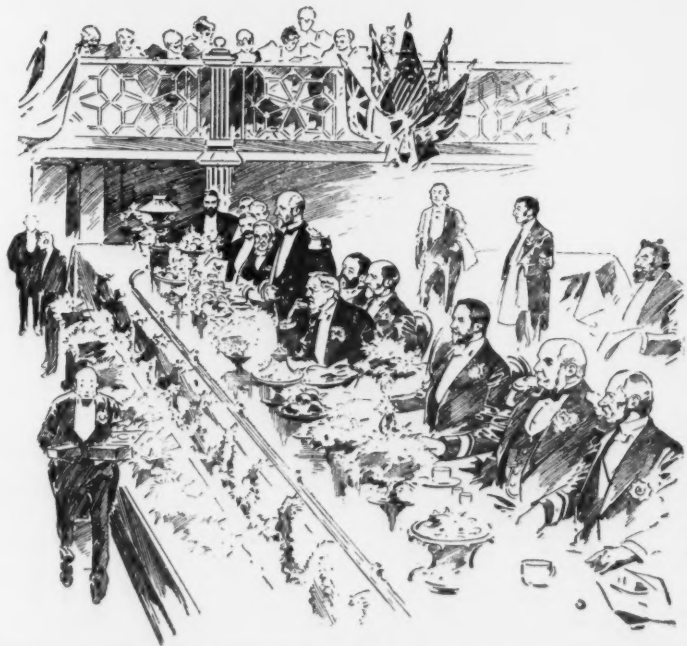
THE RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT—THE EXPLORERS FIND A BOX OF JEWELS
NEAR THE MUMMY OF A PRINCESS.—*London Graphic.*



OPENING OF THE MANCHESTER SHIP-CANAL—QUEEN VICTORIA OPENS THE WATER-GATES BY PRESSING AN ELECTRIC BUTTON.
London Graphic.



THE RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT—REACHING THE BOTTOM
OF A PIT AT DAHCOUR.—*Paris Illustration.*



THE LONDON BANQUET TO THE OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "CHICAGO"
—CAPTAIN MAHAN REPLIES TO THE TOAST OF WELCOME.—*London Daily Graphic.*



THE OPENING OF THE MANCHESTER SHIP-CANAL—QUEEN VICTORIA ENTERS THE CANAL
IN THE ADMIRALTY YACHT.—*Illustrated London News.*

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Our Foreign Pictures.

RECENT EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.

THE discoveries recently made at the site of the brick pyramids of Dahchour, in Egypt, where excavations have been carried on ever since 1839, have attracted wide attention among antiquarians and archaeologists. These pyramids, known by the Arabs as the black pyramids, have excited the curiosity of travelers from the time of Herodotus, who said of them that they were even more mysterious than the stone pyramids. All attempts, however, to discover their secrets have proved unavailing until the present year, when Mr. T. de Morgan, the director of the Egyptian department which has charge of the discovery and preservation of antiquities, established himself at Dahchour and made a bold assault upon the mounds. He first uncovered the tombs around one of the pyramids, some thirty in number, in which court officials and the more wealthy of the inhabitants of Memphis, who lived in the reigns of the kings who built the pyramids, were buried. Continuing his explorations, Mr. Morgan finally discovered an entrance to a tortuous passage which, being followed, led to a gallery some six hundred feet in length, and further on to twelve vaults, more or less spacious, of which the contents had been stolen or rifled at some remote period of antiquity. Important finds, however, of jewels which had escaped the robbers were subsequently made. In the other pyramid, situated nearly two miles from the first, the discoveries made have been of even greater scientific value. The first, as stated by the London Graphic, "was the tomb of a king whose name has hitherto been unknown in the compiled lists of Egyptian monarchs. This king's name is Hor Rafoah, and his place is at the end of the twelfth dynasty. The tomb also contained a wooden coffin, covered with bands of gold engraved with hieroglyphics, and a statue made of acacia wood, and representing the king. This coffin stood close by, and is ornamented similarly to, the real coffin. Hieroglyphics cover the gold bands. The statue, which is almost life size, represents a young man of extraordinary beauty, and is a wonderful example of Egyptian art; in fact, it throws quite a new light on the art of the period. The next vault had been left intact, and was found just as the mourners left it thousands of years ago, with the funeral offerings surrounding the sarcophagus. A princess had been buried here. Her name was Noub-Hotep, and in the coffin were inclosed jewels of great interest, consisting of necklaces, bracelets, anklets, and other trinkets. A scourge was also in the coffin."

HONORS TO THE AMERICAN NAVY.

No incident of recent occurrence has more clearly illustrated the good-will which is felt by all the better class of Englishmen for the United States than the reception accorded in London to the officers of the United States cruiser Chicago. The welcome extended to this representative of our new navy was in a sense national, the highest officials of the government uniting in the various demonstrations in honor of its officers. At the banquet tendered to Rear Admiral Erben, Captain Mahan, and their associates, Lord George Hamilton presided, and prominently displayed on the walls of the banquet hall was the inscription, "Blood is thicker than water." Speeches were made by General Lord Roberts, Minister Bayard, Admiral Erben, Captain Mahan (whose reception, because of his celebrity as a writer on naval subjects, was exceptionally hearty), Lord Brassey and others. All the London newspapers comment on the affair as full of significance, and the Times, speaking of the growth of our navy, says: "It will, before long, be represented by some of the most powerful ships in the world. It seems reasonable to regard this growth as the spontaneous, hitherto almost unconscious response of a great nation to the imperative calls of natural destiny. If this be so, the fact is of immense vital importance to ourselves. For good or evil, we have to face the prospect of the growth on the other side of the Atlantic of a sea power equal to ours. The ulterior consequences are beyond human ken, but they will vitally affect the whole fate of the future civilized world."

Sequences are beyond human ken, but they will vitally affect the whole fate of the future civilized world."

THE MANCHESTER CANAL.

The formal opening of the Manchester ship canal, which occurred on the 21st ultimo, was an event of great interest, and important to the industries and commerce of Great Britain. The occasion was dignified by the presence of the Queen, who passed over a section of the canal in the admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, amid the applause of a vast crowd of spectators. The principal act of the opening ceremony is illustrated on another page. This shows her Majesty in the act of pressing a button which set in motion the machinery by which the dock gates were opened.

Further Words
of Commendation.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

THE current number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY is called the "Greater New York" number. The paper under its present management is constantly enterprising, and both in art and letter-press is attractive and suggestive. The number referred to, however, is quite above the average of its issues in special features, and particularly in the special feature indicative of that conglomeration of affiliated and propinquous municipalities which it calls "Greater New York," and the praises of which with pen and pencil it has elaborately presented. The WEEKLY will please accept the assurance of the Eagle's most distinguished consideration.

[Chicago Evening Post.]

THE current issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY is devoted to the subject of "Greater New York." The descriptive matter is interesting and instructive, and a certain degree of arrogance is excusable in the laudation of that magnificent city, which for two hundred years has dominated the continent. The illustrations to the "Greater New York" number of LESLIE'S are admirable, and some of the half-tones show considerable activity in the streets, almost approaching that of a Saturday afternoon in Chicago.

[Utica Observer.]

THE last issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY is a "Greater New York" number. It is worthy of the name. It presents the New York of to-day, with profuse illustrations of the superb architecture which crowns the metropolis, and it gives "a forecast of the future" in a gorgeous picture which is scarcely an exaggeration of what already exists. Seldom has the enterprise of Arkell produced a number equaling this one.

[Times-Union, Albany.]

FRANK LESLIE'S "Greater New York" number presents a collection of superb pictures showing the present and the future of the metropolis. It is a souvenir of great value and a credit to the Arkell Weekly Company, whose enterprise is abreast of the movement for Greater New York. The artists and authors who have made this issue so attractive seem to have been gifted with prophetic vision.

[Rochester Advertiser.]

THE current number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY is most attractive and interesting. It contains thirty-two pages, and is devoted to "Greater New York." Profuse and beautiful illustrations are accompanied by a brilliant text descriptive of the present wonders of the great city and of those that the future has in store for her.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Chicago New-Yorkers would find FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED "Greater New York" number an interesting reminder of the village they left behind.

FAR MORE EXCLUSIVE.

SHE—"As a society man would you prefer to live in England or New York?"

HE—"In New York. You see in England there are ten thousand nice people, and in New York only four hundred."—Judge.

COULDN'T FORGET THEM.

"MARY," said the sick man to his wife when the doctor pronounced it a case of small-pox. "If any of my creditors call, tell them that I am at last in a condition to give them something."—Judge.

THE NEW EVOLUTION.

"Wow!" he cried, wringing his hand in pain as she let go. "You are getting to have a tremendous grip on you, my darling."

Looking him tenderly in the eyes, she said: "George, I will not conceal it from you any longer. The girls of our set have organized a base-ball team and I'm the catcher."—Judge.

PLEADING HIS OWN CASE.

"You promised this woman to marry her," exclaimed the judge indignantly, "and now you meanly want to back out of it."

"Your honor," replied the defendant, "marriage is a lottery, and by the laws of this State lotteries are prohibited."—Judge.

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Frank Leslie's Weekly
of June 25th

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HER BELOVED—"How much alimony will you pay me if we disagree?"

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for the little ones, always relished, and very economical, is a bowl of broth made of

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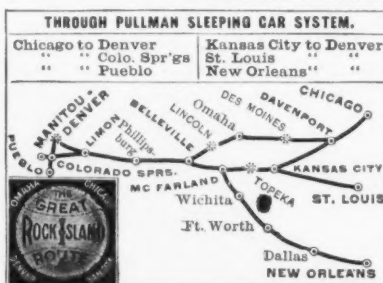
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Ticket takes you through Denver, going or returning, at the same price, or take the direct Manitou line. (See map.)

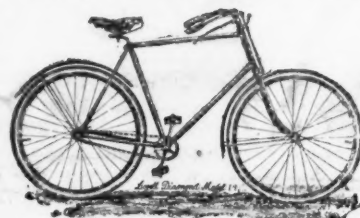


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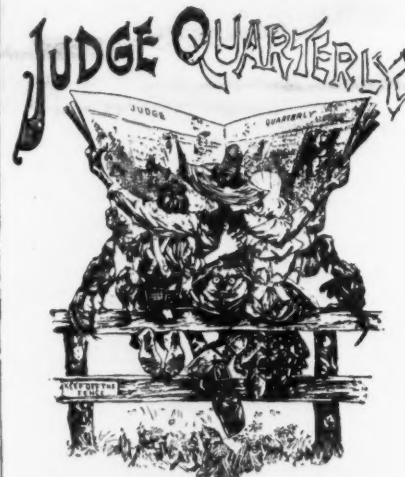
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